THE YANKEE BOYS FOR ME

LIBERTY

LOYALTY

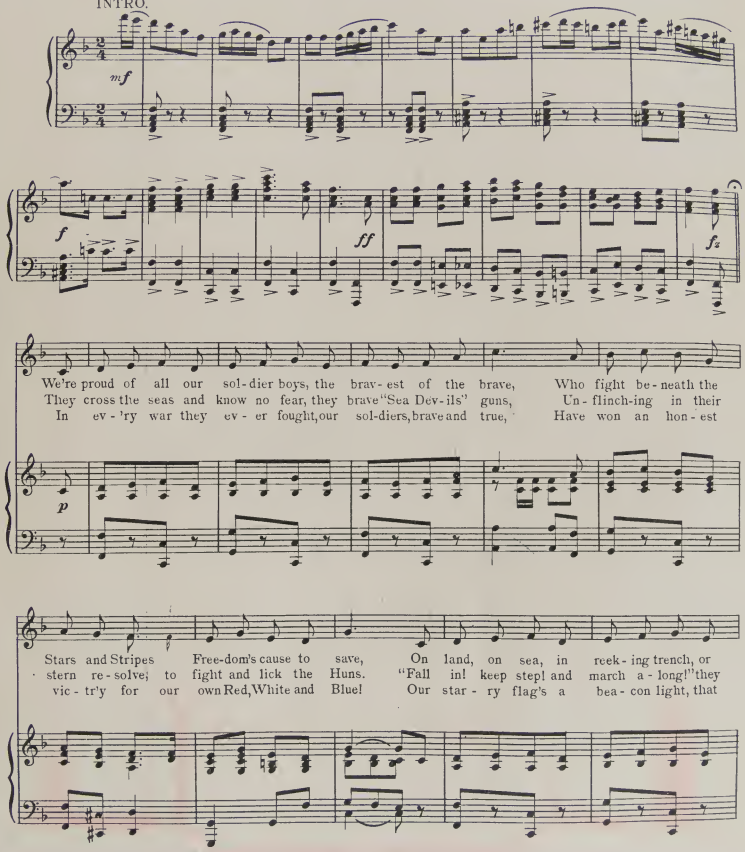
Words by Ward Douglas.

Music by A. B. Cintura.

THE YANKEE BOYS FOR ME

Words by
WARD DOUGLAS

Music by
ARNULF CINTURA


INTRO.
mf
f
ff
fz
We're proud of all our sol-dier boys, the brav-est of the brave, Who fight be-neath the
They cross the seas and know no fear, they brave "Sea Dev-ils" guns, Un-flinch-ing in their
In ev-'ry war they ev-er fought, our sol-diers, brave and true, Have won an hon-est
p
Stars and Stripes Free-dom's cause to save, On land, on sea, in reek-ing trench, or
stern re-solve; to fight and lick the Huns. "Fall in! keep step! and march a-long!" they
vic-tr'y for our own Red, White and Blue! Our star-ry flag's a bea-con light, that

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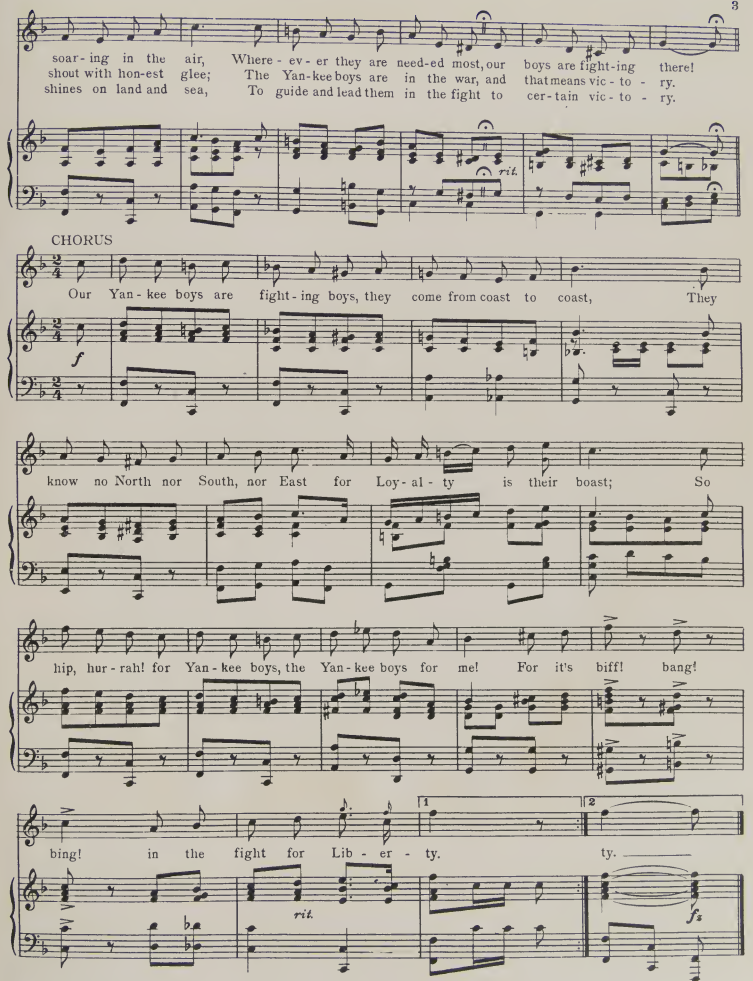
soar - ing in the air, Where - ev - er they are need-ed most, our boys are fight-ing there!
shout with hon-est glee; The Yan-kee boys are in the war, and that means vic - to - ry.
shines on land and sea, To guide and lead them in the fight to cer-tain vic - to - ry.
rit.
CHORUS
Our Yan - kee boys are fight - ing boys, they come from coast to coast, They
f
know no North nor South, nor East for Loy - al - ty is their boast; So
hip, hur - rah! for Yan - kee boys, the Yan - kee boys for me! For it's biff! bang!
bing! in the fight for Lib - er - ty. ty.
1
2
rit.
fz

New Patriotic Songs

Words by Ward Douglas
Music by Arnulf Cintura

"THE YANKEE BOYS FOR ME"

(First Verse of Each)

HIP, HIP, FOR THE U. S. A.

Oh! Say, did you see "Bill Kaiser"
With a mustache on his face?
He wants to run this great big world
You can bet He'll lose the race.
He has seen our soldiers over there
And how the Boches "break away"
Our American boys all know the game
Hip, Hip, for the U. S. A.

Chorus:

Just hear the Boches bark bow-wow,
While our soldiers laugh Ha! Ha!
It must be fun, to down a "Hun"
Now our Yankee boys are there.

ON THEIR WAY TO FRANCE

Here they come with fife and drum
The Pride of our American Nation,
It's march time, left foot steady on the right,
We all turn out; cheer and shout
As they're marching to the station,
Our boys, your boys in that grand parade.

MY SOLDIER BOY

Give me back my soldier boy,
Said a sad Mother old and gray,
When this horrid war is over
Oh! send him back to me, I pray.
I have his baby picture here,
A ringlet of his boyhood hair,
The little shoes worn at the toes
That my Darling used to wear.

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